THE STORY ON WHICH THE NEW TRAGEDY, CALL'D, *The* BROTHERS, Now acting at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, IS FOUNDED.

Dedicated to the AUTHOR *of the* PLAY.

LONDON:
Printed and sold by W. REEVE, in *Fleet-Street*.

M.DCC.LIII.

[Price Six-pence.]

THE
HISTORY
OF
TWO BROTHERS.

TO THE AUTHOR of the PLAY.

SIR,

I Hope that my Endeavours to throw a true historical Light upon the Fable of your TRAGEDY, *will not meet with your Disapprobation. There must be many Passages in every dramatic Performance, which is founded upon ancient Story, dark and unintelligible to the Generality of Readers and Spectators; therefore the collecting the several Accounts from the Historians of those Times, will be the only Means of clearing those Difficulties, which the Poets, from the Nature of the Drama, cannot minutely explain.*

The Merit I take to myself, in regard to you, Sir, is that of an under Secretary to a Minister of State; who prepares the Attendance upon the Levee, with many little introductory Circumstances, which are unworthy to be made the Subject of Discourse in the Presence of his Master. I believe none of your Admirers can boast a truer Zeal to your Muse, or a warmer Liking to your universal Talents in Poetry, than myself; and, if a Man may be allow'd to judge amidst the Hurry and Confusion of a first Night, I think I may venture to pronounce The BROTHERS *more finish'd, than even* Busiris, *or the* Revenge: *Nay, if I may venture to speak yet farther,*

farther, and from the first Time of Hearing, I think that some little Inaccuracies, or rather Wantonesses, which are to be met with in the two last, are wholly banish'd from the former; and that a more noble and truly Grecian *Spirit, and classical Elegance, reign throughout the Whole.*

I cannot but lament and be surpriz'd, that your great Character as a Man, and your Reputation as an Author, could not restrain those intemperate Sallies of Folly, which generally break forth on the first Night of every new Play: Nay, I really expected, even from the wildest of the Audience, an Awe and Reverence to your Age and Abilities; but when I found that it was in the Power of a ridiculous Trifle to make 'em lose all Decency and Decorum, I could not help parodying in my Mind a famous Verse of Virgil:

Can so much Weakness dwell in *British* Minds!

I shall now conclude, with congratulating you upon (what, I hear, you take very little Pride to yourself) the Success of your Play: And I hope likewise, that I shall have an Opportunity of congratulating my Countrymen, upon a certain Proof of their Taste; I mean, the Approbation of you and your Works.

I am, SIR,

Your most Humble Servant,

M. O.

THE STORY ON WHICH THE NEW TRAGEDY, CALL'D, *The* BROTHERS, IS FOUNDED.

AFTER the Conqueſt of *Thrace* by *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, in Conjunction with the *Romans*, many Diſputes aroſe between the two Powers, who ſhould Command and Garriſon the principal Towns taken in that War. *Philip*, whoſe Pride and arbitrary

Sway were unbounded, took upon him (in ſpite of all the Remonſtrances *Rome* could make, and their Deſire of reſtoring *Thrace* under proper Reſtrictions, to its native Laws and Government) to erect Forts, and keep Soldiers ſtill in Arms in every Town; whoſe cruel Treatment of the *Thracians* reduc'd 'em rather to Slaves, than a tributary People.

On this they ſend Ambaſſadors to *Philip*, who, inſtead of remedying their Grievances, inſiſted upon his Power; ſaying, That they muſt be contented with his Will, nor expect farther Favour: And when theſe Men would have argu'd in their Country's Behalf, he made uſe of Menaces; and, contrary to the Privilege of Ambaſſadors, threw 'em into Chains.

This Violation of their Ambaſſadors provok'd the Men of *Ænus* and *Maronia* to apply to *Rome* for Succour. The Senate heard 'em with Patience; and, feeling for their Sufferings, ſend Ambaſſadors of great Rank to *Macedonia*, to demand Poſſeſſion of the *Thracian* Towns: That *Philip* ſhould immediately abandon all his Forts, rais'd in that Country, or expect the *Romans* Vengeance. *Philip*, with his uſual Haughtineſs, diſmiſs'd the Ambaſſadors without any ſatisfactory

factory Answer; saying, When the *Romans* were willing, he'd prepare to meet 'em.

But soon after, *Philip* was better advis'd by some of his principal Counsellors; and, to appease the rising Wrath of the *Romans*, did abandon some of the chief Towns: Which gave great Content to all the *Macedonians*, for they were sensible *Rome* was too powerful an Enemy to contend with.

This Resignation of the Towns, however agreeable to the People, did not relish well with *Philip*. He determin'd upon Revenge. His chief Fury was aim'd at the *Maronites*, who had first complain'd to the *Romans*. He communicated his Design to *Onomastus*, Commander of the Port, who engag'd *Cassander*, a Man who had liv'd some Years in *Maronia*, in his wicked Design. These two, with a Party *Philip* had order'd 'em, fell one Night upon the poor *Maronites*, and committed a Massacre too terrible for the Ear.

This cruel Action reaching the *Roman* Senate, Ambassadors were sent to *Philip* to demand Satisfaction for this unhospitable Outrage. *Philip* pleaded innocent of the Fact; saying, It was occasion'd by Disputes among

among themſelves, and no political Deſign, as had been falſly ſuggeſted.

The Ambaſſadors, not ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer, enquir'd more particularly into the Action; and found, tho' *Philip* deny'd any Knowledge of it, that *Onomaſtus* and *Caſſander*, Perſons very near his Councils, were the chief Perpetrators of it. They therefore demanded, That *Philip* ſhould deliver thoſe two Aſſaſſins to the *Romans*, to be try'd and puniſh'd as the Judgment of the Senate ſhould direct.

This *Philip* refus'd, leſt *Onomaſtus* and *Caſſander* ſhould, to ſave their own Lives, declare the Orders they had receiv'd from *Philip*, and diſcover their Villainy to be his. He diſmiſs'd the Ambaſſadors with Scorn, bidding *Rome* Defiance; threatning to revenge the Inſult ſhe had offer'd him, in interfering with his Conqueſts, or preſuming to direct how he ſhould govern tributary *Thrace*.

The *Romans* departed full of Rage, and an immediate War muſt have been the Conſequence, had not *Philip*, upon more deliberate Council, weigh'd his Strength, and found his Troops unfit for preſent Action. In order therefore to moderate the *Roman* Fury,

Fury, he ſent his youngeſt Son, *Demetrius*, as Ambaſſador to *Rome*, to clear his Father of the Maſſacre at *Maronia*, and to convince 'em how much he valu'd the Friendſhip of the *Romans*.

This Youth had great Eloquence, and was well vers'd in the *Roman* Delicacy; for he had, during their Alliance with *Philip*, made frequent Sallies into *Rome*, and therefore the moſt proper Perſon for this Embaſſy. But *Perſeus*, his elder Brother, full of his Father's Pride, look'd always with unbrotherly Love upon *Demetrius*; and, on this Occaſion, burſt out into impious Railings on him; ſaying, He was diſhonour'd; that his Father had preferr'd his younger Brother's Follies, to his glorious Actions in the Field.

If *Perſeus* was ſtung at the Honour his Father had conferr'd upon *Demetrius*, how much greater was his Rage, when his Brother return'd from *Rome*, with News of a ſucceſsful Negociation in *Philip*'s Favour? The *Romans* were ſo much affected with his Oratory, and pleas'd with his Addreſs, that his Praiſes was the Theme of every Tongue. His Eloquence charm'd the Men, and his Beauty the Ladies; and, for his ſake, his Father's Cruelty was forgiven,

and

and all his paſt Offences to the *Romans* caſt into Oblivion.

Demetrius' Fame planted Thorns in the Heart of *Perſeus*, and prickt him to Revenge: And, to add freſh Fewel to his inflam'd Spirits, *Demetrius* was his Brother's Rival in Love, as well as Glory.

In the War with the *Thracians*, *Philip* took the Capitol by Storm; and, in his Rage of Battle, moſt barbarouſly ſlew two young Princes, in Sight of their afflicted Mother; who, ſtruck with Horror at his Cruelty, expir'd on her murder'd Infants.

Philip, either thro' his own Remorſe, or the Interpoſition of ſome of tenderer Nature then with him, ſpar'd a Daughter of that ruin'd Houſe, and had her ſafe conducted into *Macedon*. She was ſcarce twelve Months old; but *Philip*, with a Father's Care, to ſoften the harſh Cenſures of his People, and make ſome Attonement for the Slaughter of that Royal Houſe, indulg'd her Youth, and brought her up 'till ſhe became the envy'd Beauty of his Court, and the admir'd Object of his Rival Sons.

'Tis not ſtrange to think this Princeſs, nurtur'd in all the Softneſs natural to her Sex,

Sex, ſhould give a more favourable Ear to the tender Paſſion of the gentle *Demetrius*, than to the rough, unpoliſh'd Courtſhip of the fierce *Perſeus*. —— *Demetrius* was her Soul; *Perſeus* her Scorn: Nor did ſhe ſcruple to declare her different Sentiments of her two Lovers.

Perſeus had, join'd to a Violence of Temper, a wicked Cunning and a barbarous Nature, capable of undertaking any Action, to ſatiate his Revenge. —— He ſet all theſe Powers at work againſt his Brother; and, where his own Paſſion hurry'd him beyond the Schemes of Art, his vile Aſſociates, cooler in Miſchief, corrected the imperfect Plan.

The firſt Attack *Perſeus* and his Confederates made upon *Demetrius*, was publickly to declare, The *Roman* Arts had enſnar'd his Affections, and drawn his Loyalty from his Father, and all the Succeſſion of *Macedonian* Kings: Further, That *Rome* had promis'd to ſeat him in his Father's Throne, if he would ſwear himſelf a faithful Ally to them, and ſecretly give Notice of *Philip*'s Councils, which *Perſeus* confidently affirm'd he had aſſented to.

Theſe

Theſe Reports, by the Art of *Perſeus* and his Friends, got to *Philip*'s Ear; and ſo well atteſted, that he regarded *Demetrius* as an Enemy to him and to his Country, and never ſuffer'd him to be admitted when any important Caſe was to be diſcuſs'd concerning the *Romans*.

Demetrius, ſenſible of his Brother's Malice, obey'd his Father's Orders, abſented himſelf from his Councils, and ſpent moſt Part of his Time with the young Princeſs, and the few Nobles that accompany'd him from *Rome* to *Macedon*; which Intimacy being related to *Philip*, confirm'd him in the Truth of *Perſeus*' Charge.

Time and Incident now gave to *Perſeus* (ſtill more and more inveterate) an Opportunity of wrecking all his Hatred on his Brother.

The Day kept ſacred to the Luſtration of the *Macedonian* Arms, now arriv'd: (A Ceremony not unlike a General-Review in *England*, but more extenſive.) In this warlike Entertainment, the Troops were not only review'd, and paſs'd thro' their Exerciſe, but even drew up, like Enemies of different Nations; and with blunt Weapons, kept for the

the Purpoſe, began a harmleſs Conflict, which ended but with a Defeat on one Side, to the Laugh and Merriment of the Whole.

But this Day, it was conducted by *Perſeus* with a more unworthy Deſign: For he and *Demetrius* being the Commanders of different Parties, *Perſeus* began the Attack with Violence; which his Brother, to preſerve his Life, was forc'd to return with equal Warmth. The Struggle was long, and many hurt (tho' arm'd with only Foils) on both Sides, before Fortune turn'd her Scale in Favour of *Demetrius*. —— *Perſeus*, diſappointed of his publick Vengeance on his Brother (which he would have call'd Accident) by the Advice of ſome of his wicked Aſſociates, artfully turn'd his Crime upon his Brother.

According to ancient Cuſtom, after the Engagement, each Commander entertain'd his chief Officers at a Banquet. *Demetrius*, without taking any Notice of *Perſeus'* Behaviour in the Field, kindly invited him to participate of his Feaſt; which *Perſeus*, with feign'd Anger of what had happen'd in their martial Exerciſe, refus'd: But artfully ſent one of his Officers, with Orders to behave in ſome Manner that might

provoke *Demetrius* to Paſſion; whereby he might have Occaſion to accuſe him of inſulting his Friends, and give great Reaſon to think himſelf would have been in Danger, had he attended the Invitation.—— The Scheme took Effect; for upon his Officer's Miſconduct, ſome preſent corrected him, and turn'd him with Diſgrace out of the Hall.

Demetrius, as the Bowl went round, forgot the Inſolence of the excluded Officer; and, not thinking this Fellow was ſent by *Perſeus* for any bad Deſign, propos'd to his Friends a kind Viſit to his Brother and his Warriors, then engag'd in their Diverſions. They all agreed; but ſome of the wiſer Sort, remembring the Man they had turn'd out of the Hall, carried their Weapons privately, leſt any Attempt ſhould be made to revenge that unſocial Villain; who before this had related unto *Perſeus* all had happen'd.

Demetrius and his Friends ſet out; but, as they drew near the Door, *Perſeus* order'd it to be barr'd, then flew to the Battlements of the Houſe, and cry'd loudly for Aſſiſtance; ſaying, *O Gods! who can protect me, ſince my own Brother is come with armed Men*

to

to murder me! Demetrius, quite innocent of the real Cauſe, return'd to his own Houſe, telling his Friends, *Perſeus* had quaff'd his Wine too freely; and, by that intoxicated, deny'd their friendly Viſit.

Perſeus, in the Morning, flew to *Philip*; knelt, and trembled at his Feet: *O my Father!* ſaid he, feigning Tears, *happy am I, that I behold your Face once more, for my Brother ſeeks my Life; and, to prove this Guilt upon him, my Friends can witneſs he ſought to kill me, even in our martial Sports. Failing there, laſt Night he came, attended by a Set of Ruffians arm'd, to perpetrate his horrid Purpoſe; but that ſome about me, ſuſpecting his Intention, barr'd up my Doors, and ſo prevented his Deſign. Juſtice, dear Father, or the unhappy* Perſeus *falls a Sacrifice to his Brother's Treaſon.*

Philip, ſurpriz'd and ſhock'd at this Account, ſent in Haſte for *Demetrius*, ſummon'd his Council, told 'em what had happen'd; that this Attack of *Demetrius*'s upon his Brother, confirm'd former Reports that he was in League with *Rome*, to give up his Country, and extirpate all the Royal *Macedonian* Race.——The Chiefs and Nobles

of

of the Court took their reſpective Seats, the King aſſum'd his Throne, and ſat as Judge upon his two Sons; who now appear'd as Criminals, in Chains, before him.

The ſad Occaſion, and the ſolemn Scene, drew the Attention of all *Macedon*. Pity flow'd equally to *Philip*, *Perſeus* and *Demetrius*.

Philip thus began:

Macedonians, *you ſee me here a moſt unhappy Father, to judge between my two Sons, in a Caſe of Parricide——O! my Boys, long have I fear'd this Storm, when I heard your uncourteous Talk, and ſaw your unbrotherly Looks to each other. But yet my Love for you, made me think this Heat of Enmity would cool, when Reaſon came to her Maturity; and that natural Affection, and your Duty to me, would cement you in an inviolable Friendſhip. But, O how vain my Hopes! how vain all the great Examples of brotherly Love I laid before you! how idle all my Leſſons! and how loſt the Fondneſs I have for both, ſince each reſolves to hate the other, and to cruſh, between the ſtrong Contention, the aged Peace, the expecting Happineſs of him that rear'd you.*

Each

Each of you long to graſp my Sceptre—— Take it, if it will make both happy: But, O this is not my Condition! I cannot join you by ſuch a Reſignation; for tho' I yield my Crown, one Son muſt fall, and I become a deſpis'd Monarch, and a weeping Father.—— Begin, and load each other with all the Crimes Hatred and Malice can invent: And, to encourage you to perſevere in Baſeneſs, remember each Accuſation Demetrius *lays on* Perſeus, *or* Perſeus *on* Demetrius, *is a Dagger in your Father's Heart.*

When *Philip* ſtopt, a ſilent Grief ran thro' the whole Court, nor could the Criminals for ſome Time ſpeak. At length *Perſeus*, with fiery Eyes and blazing Rage, began:

Am I, O King (ſaid he) *your Son? for my Brother's Malice has ſown ſuch Seeds of rank Suſpicion in the Minds of all the* Macedonians, *and ſuch daily Rumours reach to me to the contrary, that I almoſt ſuſpect myſelf a Baſtard, not* Philip's *Heir, but the baſe Product of his youthful Riots. If ſo, perhaps your Commands may juſtify his Aſſaſſination, to waſh away the Shame, and my Pretence to Empire in my Blood. But if I am to die, let me firſt pray the Gods,*

That

That Murder began in ME, *may end in* ME; *and not, thro' my Bowels, enter* Philip's *Heart.* —— *What can I imagine? Can I think, or call him Brother, that would, when call'd to harmleſs Sports and gentle martial Exerciſe, ruſh on me, with determin'd Rage, to murder me? Can I call him Brother, that ſhould plant a poiſon'd Cup, with meditated Malice, to entertain me at a Banquet? Is that a Brother, that brings armed Men at Midnight to aſſault me? Can you, O* Philip! *call him a Son, that would diſplace you from that awful Seat, defeat your lawful Heir, and ſwim in Blood to Empire? Can you, my Countrymen, call him a Friend, who would do this, deſtroy your Liberties, and make you ſhameful Tributaries, Slaves to* Rome!

When *Perſeus* mention'd the Liberty of *Macedon*, a general Murmur ran thro' the Court; and *Philip*, in Rage, ſtarted up, as convinc'd of *Demetrius*'s Villainy: But being better adviſ'd by ſome of more Temper, *Philip* compos'd himſelf, and *Demetrius* was ſuffer'd to anſwer to his Charge.

The Grace of his Perſon, the Strength of his Eloquence, attended with an unartful Modeſty, ſoon got Poſſeſſion of the Hearers Hearts.

Hearts. He ſo tenderly expreſs'd his Duty to his Father, his Love for his Country, his Affection to his Brother; at the ſame Time juſtly chiding him for his repeated Malice, that had ſo often diſturb'd his Father's Peace, and ſpur'd him on to ſeek his Life: Then, addreſſing himſelf to *Perſeus*, ſaid; *O* Perſeus! *if my Father had been diſpleas'd or angry with me, I ſhould have flown to you for Succour! I ſhould have thought you the beſt of all others, being my elder Brother, to have been a Mediator for me; and the only Man that could purchaſe a Pardon for my Folly, and the Error of my Youth: But griev'd I am to ſee where I hop'd Shelter, I ſhould find Ruin, and a ſtrong Deſire for my Overthrow.*

Demetrius, to the Charge of Parricide, ſo fully prov'd his Innocence, that not a Perſon in the Court had one Doubt remaining.

Philip order'd him and *Perſeus* to be releas'd, but to go to ſeparate Parts of the Palace; and not to meet, 'till his Commands ſhould direct 'em, on Pain of his Diſpleaſure: And thus the Court diſſolv'd, doubtful how *Philip* would determine this uncommon Trial.

Philip,

Philip, after conſulting with his Counſellors, reſolv'd that his Son *Demetrius*, to prove his Innocence in regard to his private Schemes with *Rome*, ſhould marry the Daughter of one *Didas*, a Man of Fame and Honour in *Macedon*, but a ſworn and mortal Enemy to the *Romans*: And *Perſeus*, to ſet aſide the *Roman* Claim to *Thrace*, ſhould wed the Captive Princeſs, and ſo have lawful Right to thoſe Dominions the *Romans* had ſo long contended for.

He immediately ſent for his Sons, to inform 'em of his Reſolution. The News was tranſporting to *Perſeus*; for it not only gave him her he lov'd, but, at the ſame Time, the Pleaſure of ſeeing his Brother's Agonies, for the Loſs of the Princeſs he ſo long had doated on.

Perſeus, with many Thanks, accepted the Propoſal: And *Demetrius*, tho' ſtung to the Heart, was too apprehenſive of his Father's Anger, not to diſſemble a Compliance.—— *Philip* now rejoic'd, and all his Court was made acquainted with the glad Occaſion.

The *Thracian* Princeſs, who had given her Heart to fond *Demetrius*' Vows, felt ſorely

ſorely his unexpected Change. She rav'd——accus'd him of Inconſtancy——and, in a raſh Revenge upon her innocent Lover, reſolv'd to marry *Perſeus*, tho' the Man ſhe hated moſt on Earth.

In the mean Time *Demetrius* acquainted *Didas* with his ſecret Reſolution, not to marry his Daughter. The haughty Lord, in Rage, inform'd the King of his Son's Diſobedience, who ſent and threw him into Priſon.——In the mean Time *Perſeus* was married to the *Thracian*; and, farther to torment his Brother, brought falſe Proofs to accuſe *Demetrius* of joining with the *Romans* in a treacherous Deſign, to ſeize the *Macedonian* Crown.

The *Romans* ſent Embaſſadors to clear *Demetrius*, in all Points touching his Father's Honour; and, with much Labour, prevail'd with *Philip* to releaſe him.

But, alas! *Demetrius* receiv'd no Joy in this Acquitance; for, when he heard of his Brother's Marriage with the *Thracian* Princeſs, he fell into a Delirium, left *Macedon*, in ſome obſcure Part pin'd away; and, with a broken Heart, expir'd: Tho' ſome Hiſtorians ſay, That he was found in Diſguiſe at

Heraclea; and, by *Philip*'s Order, was poiſon'd by one of his own Servants.

Theſe are the Heads of that famous Story, the New Tragedy of THE BROTHERS is founded on. The noble Uſe the ingenious Author of the Piece has made of 'em, the Town was Judge of on *Saturday* laſt; when the greateſt Applauſe given, was but Juſtice to his extraordinary Merit.

FINIS.